

Calumet, Houghton County, Michigan, Saturday, January 18, 1896.

No. 52

THE OLD RAG CARPET.



AMONG the memories of childhood, is that of an old dame I used to visit with my mother. She was always seated in the midst of rags, the cast-off clothing of several generations, which she eternally cut into strips, sewed together, and wound into balls. In course of the transmigration of matter, these balls were woven into carpet more comfortable than artistic.

However, as my mother said, no book could be written that would contain more of the family history than this carpet. With what a different bias, he used to pick out the human interest; memories of joys and pain, of journeys and rests, of comfort and pride and affection were associated with each threadbare shred.

There was the last bit of an old blue coat, which had been buttoned over many hearts as far back as the Revolution; it had been the Sunday coat in which several generations of farmer lads had held its color almost to the



SMOTHERED OUT THE FIRE.

last honest bit of dyed in the wool fabric.

There were the mortal remains of an old gray shawl, which had been identified with the family for years and years. It there was romance, and chivalry, and hospitality in the family record, they were woven in the warp and woof of this old shawl. In the days of its prime it had crossed the ocean. The gallant young husband of that old day had lovingly tucked it under the chin of his dimpled bride, that the breeze that blew across the world might not visit her too roughly.

It was always a garment that could be loaned to a friend who was caught out in cold or storm. It hung in graceful folds from the shoulders of the grand and stately dame, or was bunched awkwardly about the dumpy little woman whose face beamed good-naturedly above it. It survived the rise and fall of big sleeves and narrow waists. Amid the fashion of capes and coats, it held its own.

The grandmothers of the family each in turn had sat crooning by the fire, carefully cuddling this bundle of shawl which, being unwrapped fold after fold, was found to contain (like a kernel in the shell) a red-faced, half smothered baby. It was used as a covering for the couch, it was thrown over the back of the invalid's chair, or tucked into the old-fashioned bed when the family drove to meeting. It was taken to picnics and spread upon the grass on which some loving avian reclined at his mistress' feet, and as it grew old and feeble it was caught on brush and torn in little snags here and there. At last Aunt Sallie got her own reluctant consent to its reincarnation, in the form of rag carpet.

I used sometimes to want to take a bright new bit of cloth to the old woman for her carpet, but my mother said: "no; better let her alone; the old bits are more to her; besides they tone in together, and are all of a piece." The life of the old dame was of the same piece also, shreds and memories.

This was my primary lesson in the harmonious relation of one thing to another, which dates further back than Delaune, even to the injunction not to put new cloth upon old garments.

My childish interest in the old dame was not unminged with contempt for her mental occupation. "Think of it, mother," said I, "not to have a soul above old rags."

"It is with rags, old and new, that most of us spend our lives," said my mother, "if they will think of it." Alas, I have thought of it many a time, in the shuffling over of an old garment, the planning of a new one, the little emblems of satisfaction or vexation, which go to make up life.

By the way, have you ever thought of the impressions we make upon the retina of other persons' minds, by our manners or occupation? I once heard a boy tell his mother he did not want to remember her as always doing the household drudgery, but as being a lady sometimes.

Now there comes the memory of another woman, also seated amid heaps of rags, but she was dainty and beautiful

ful and rags were shining garments which she would take out of chests, airing and smoothing them carefully, recalling the festive occasions on which they had been worn, but, with a sigh, putting them back into their hiding places. Her hands were whiter than the old dame of the carpet rags, and jewels sparkled on her fingers, but mother's words came back to me: "It is with rags, old and new, that most of us spend our lives."

Blessed are we if permitted to use these rags wisely, to adorn ourselves seemingly and not forgetting sometimes to wrap a warm shawl over shivering shoulders, a blanket about weary limbs.

Aunt Sallie lived alone, though the neighbors often said it was not safe. Her only son had settled in the West, and sometimes made a journey to see his mother, but never could persuade her to go back with him, or change her mode of living. She liked to sit by her own fireside, to light her evening candle and read a chapter of the Bible, and wind up the old family clock, and, as she said, "she could go to bed mistress and rise up master."

It was just before Thanksgiving that David, the son, had come with his wife and little ones to spend this home gathering holiday with the old mother. They thought to surprise her. Approaching the cottage they saw the

chamber adjoining a large and handsomely furnished parlor, where the two young ladies occupy rooms above. When Mrs. Stevenson gives her receptions the parlors of the hotel are always at her service.

Perhaps there are no young ladies in town who will receive more social attention this winter or more notice in the press than the two Stevenson girls, yet to their credit it must be said they are certainly unspoiled so far by the constant attention which their movements attract. They are both simple and perfectly natural in manner, totally devoid of affectation, and they dislike anything that brings them conspicuously into public notice. Mrs. Stevenson, recognizing the fact that her husband's position demands a constant sacrifice on her part, is most kind to all who approach her and her motherly heart seems to invite the confidence of those she meets. It is not an easy position to fill, for there are numberless calls on her time. Still it is set to be said that she has failed in a single instance to help her husband in every sense of the word, or that anyone made a demand on her time that she did not cheerfully accord.

Among the other debutantes of the season will be Miss Jane Fuller, the youngest daughter of the chief justice, and if the health of her mother permits, she will make her first appearance in society within a few days. Miss Fuller inherits the good looks that have also fallen to the lot of her sisters. She is expert on the wheel and spends much of her time out of doors.

Miss Julia Scott, daughter of Mrs. Scott, who is a sister of Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, is one of the buds of the season, so that in one family there will be three young ladies on the carpet at the same time. Mrs. Scott has taken the home of Mr. Fairchild Carpenter and is expected to entertain a great deal during the season, as she has one daughter already in society and her other one is ready to appear about New Year's. At present the family expect that Miss Julia Scott, who is now in Paris, to reach town by the 12th of this month. The Scott mansion is beautifully furnished in exquisite taste, and is situated in a fashionable neighborhood. The Miss Scotts already introduced is named Letitia, so that there are two

friendly light, and quietly stole up to the window to see what she was doing within. Sure enough, there she sat peacefully reading her chapter. As they looked, she dozed over her book, the candle was very near, her head nodded towards it. The thrill of her cap caught the flames. In an instant her gray hair was in a blaze.

David rushed to the door. It was carefully locked. Flushing himself against it with all his might, the old door yielded. Catching up a strip of rag carpet from the floor, he threw it about the form of his mother and smothered out the fire. Her hair and hands were scorched, but the instant application of home remedies prevented serious results.

The neighbors said it was surely a warning; that she must not live all by her lone self. "It was just a blessed providence that mother was not burned to death," said David's wife, as she went about the house next day preparing the Thanksgiving dinner.

David said, in his brisk way, though not without feeling: "Yes, mother, we arrived just in time."

"Well, it was a mercy ye come when ye did," said the mother; "but, David, ye have just completely ruined my very prettiest strip of rag carpet."

Meaneast of All Burglars. Burglars in New York have been doing a lively business by going upstairs and informing a mother that her child has just been run over in the street. The frantic mother rushes down, and her pocket book, left on the table, soon rushes down, too.

PERSONAL. E. C. Stedman, who has just refused a professor's chair at Yale, was dismissed from that university when a student.

Henry Arthur ones, the playwright, indignantly denies the published assertion that he is to drop the name of Jones and call himself Henry Arthur.

Frederick Remington was a clerk in an express office before he essayed art. Capt. Alfred Sanford of St. Louis, who is 73 years old and whom the authorities sent to the poorhouse last week, was the boyhood friend and playmate of Ulysses S. Grant.

Tzoteco Panduro, a little Mexican Indian clay modeler, now at Atlanta, is said to be a wonderful genius. He has had no training, but has already won several medals of honor.

By a vote of twelve to six the judges of the Appellate division of the New York Supreme court have decided not to wear gowns.

Rev. Myron Reed of Denver had an engagement to lecture at Hall City, Kan. Missing his train, he hired a team of horses and a buggy and drove from Colby, a distance of seventy-five miles.

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FROM THE CAPITAL.

THE GAYETIES OF SOCIAL LIFE ECLIPSE CONGRESS.

Some of the Season's Debutantes—The Stevenson Girls Unspoiled by Attention—Jane Fuller, Julia Scott, Ethel Blanchard, and Others.



Washington Letter. CONGRESS will be eclipsed, in a social sense, by the interest which will center about the many young ladies who will make their first appearance this winter in the gay set at the capital. Most conspicuous among them will be the two daughters of Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson. The Stevensons live at the Normandie hotel, where they have had apartments for several years; in fact, since coming to Washington in their present political position. The Vice-President and Mrs. Stevenson have a pretty, comfortable



JANE FULLER. chamber adjoining a large and handsomely furnished parlor, where the two young ladies occupy rooms above. When Mrs. Stevenson gives her receptions the parlors of the hotel are always at her service.

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does not appear to be more than 16, but is the oldest girl, having five brothers and sisters. Her mother is a beautiful brunette with charming manners. The Ganas have recently moved into a new home in the same row as that in which are the residences of Attorney-General Harmon and Senator Sherman.

Speaker Reed's wife and daughter are with him at the Shoreham, and they have a pretty suite of rooms on the eighth floor. Miss Reed is a sweet-looking blonde, very school-girlish in appearance, and is the special pet of her father. Mrs. Reed leads a quiet life, going but seldom in society, but she is very proud of her distinguished husband. Crowds of visitors pour in upon the Reeds all day, but as she has been in town only a few days, Mrs. Reed has not been able to see anyone.

Minister Hatch, from Hawaii, expects to go to housekeeping next month, as his wife is much averse to boarding. There are two children in the family. Harriet, a golden-haired girl of 7, and Elchirist, a dark-eyed, brown-haired boy of 3. Since their arrival, the Hatches have been stopping at the Richmond hotel. Mrs. Hatch was a Miss Alice Hawes, of San Francisco, where she was born and educated. She is a young woman with plenty of good looks, a plump figure and easy manners. Mr. Hatch is a native of Portsmouth, Mass., and has been for years a prominent lawyer in Honolulu. Mrs. Hatch seems to think that there is no danger of the present form of government being overturned, and that the republic is rooted on a permanent basis. She has often dined with the former queen, who is an intelligent woman, but is not likely to regain her throne. As the greater part of the population is white, Honolulu is a delightful place in a social sense, and the number of vessels always in port makes the town resemble a naval post. Mrs. Hatch likes society, and her home will be one of the most attractive in town. But her tastes are more in the domestic than in the literary line.

Mrs. Thurston, wife of the senator from Nebraska, is living at the Arlington, as the children were left in the home in Omaha. The senator has three children, two girls and a boy.

A deep shadow of disquietude hangs over the German empire. The most conservative and impartial men of all classes freely admit that an upheaval such as Germany has never seen is near at hand. There is not a newspaper or other publication but what echoes this sentiment, with the added interrogatory: "What will be the issue?" The reason for all this agitation is to be found in the stand Emperor William has taken relative to the labor

ing classes as represented by the socialistic democratic party. So long as these people and the proletariat in general bowed down to his majesty and acknowledged his superiority as a mortal, and his infallibility in the judgment of everything all went well. They made a similar remark emphasized with an oath. Editor Reichert and Printer Landgraf of Burgstadt, Saxony, have been arrested for slurring the emperor in a little social democratic weekly which they published. Henry Mackey's pamphlet poem, "The Anarchists," has been exterminated in Berlin by order of the chief of police.

Dr. Barth says the people will insult the emperor with ever increasing frequency as long as these persecutions and persecutions are kept up, and adds that the history of the empire proves it. For instance, in 1875, when the social democrats had free hand, there were but 181 charges of lese-majeste, and in 1877 but 200, while in 1878, when Bismarck began to threaten and punish the socialists systematically, the number jumped to 2,000. Barth says it is German nature to want to do most the very thing that is forbidden by law and the cabinet, and the emperor can get himself insulted in print and by word of mouth fifty times a day if he only has the crown lawyers harry his subjects persistently enough.

The conservatives who are egging on the emperor and Herr Von Koeller, minister of the interior, to these persecutions, wish to keep up the crusade, even if it land in prison 10,000 a year. The Leipzig Gazette says:

"We, for our part, wish to see all social democratic leaders banished from the country, their whole press exterminated, all their societies broken up, and all their meetings forbidden." To this the radical daily, the Tageblatt, replies with the question: "Why should we be so severe with socialist agitators and let the high-tariff Tories, who denounce the throne, go scot-free? Why should the police drag a social democratic editor from his bed for some trivial offense, while a Baron Hammerstein, who has embezzled nearly 1,000,000 marks, is allowed to walk out of Berlin in broad daylight?"

The vast masses of the people proper—that is to say, the laboring classes, as well as the small farmers and farm hands, together with the best of such as are directly dependent for their subsistence upon these classes—are intensely dissatisfied with the existing conditions in the empire. Everything

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The report that Senator Wetmore, of Rhode Island, was to take the Morton home is not true, for his family are settling in the house on Vermont avenue, 1014, which he has taken for the season. In speaking of the cost of keeping up a fine establishment in town here, Governor Morton once told a friend that the expense which his house brought him each year was \$15,000 for every winter he spent at the capital. The Morton home is still empty, and as it requires a large fortune to keep it up in proper shape, it is not likely to be rented during this season.

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FREE SPEECH IS DEAD.

GREAT GERMAN EMPIRE IN THE THROES OF STRIFE.

Imperialism Said to Be Resting on a Volcano—Cheers for the French Republic in the Streets of Berlin—League of Oppression.



Berlin Letter. THE EMPEROR has been peremptorily dismissed from his cabinet Herr Von Koeller, minister of the interior. This action was taken immediately after the opening of the Reichstag recently. His majesty expressed himself as greatly displeased with the unwarranted severity that Koeller had exercised in reference to the labor leaders. Previous to his departure for Breslau the emperor caused Herr Von Lucanus, chief of the civil cabinet, to make a special report in the case of Professor Delbrueck, whom Koeller caused to be imprisoned for making a mild statement referring to the internal politics of the empire, and criticizing the whole-sale prosecution of the social democrats. His majesty afterward conferred with Princes Hohenlohe, the chancellor, and the latter is said to have informed the emperor that he would be compelled to tender his resignation unless Von Koeller was dismissed. Thus the "people" have won a decisive victory and the social democrats are stronger than ever.

A deep shadow of disquietude hangs over the German empire. The most conservative and impartial men of all classes freely admit that an upheaval such as Germany has never seen is near at hand. There is not a newspaper or other publication but what echoes this sentiment, with the added interrogatory: "What will be the issue?" The reason for all this agitation is to be found in the stand Emperor William has taken relative to the labor

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The conservatives who are egging on the emperor and Herr Von Koeller, minister of the interior, to these persecutions, wish to keep up the crusade, even if it land in prison 10,000 a year. The Leipzig Gazette says:

"We, for our part, wish to see all social democratic leaders banished from the country, their whole press exterminated, all their societies broken up, and all their meetings forbidden." To this the radical daily, the Tageblatt, replies with the question: "Why should we be so severe with socialist agitators and let the high-tariff Tories, who denounce the throne, go scot-free? Why should the police drag a social democratic editor from his bed for some trivial offense, while a Baron Hammerstein, who has embezzled nearly 1,000,000 marks, is allowed to walk out of Berlin in broad daylight?"

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must be subservient to the dictatorial arrogance of military power. The right of free speech is no longer recognized, and a really free press does not exist. They have stamped the sign of intolerance upon the present administration of government affairs. The emperor has become exceedingly thin-skinned of late, and the prosecution for lese-majeste (high treason) has become an epidemic.

During the last month forty men were arrested for speaking contemptuously of the emperor, and 200,000 copies of newspapers were seized and destroyed because they were supposed to contain disrespectful allusions to his majesty. Some of the radical newspapers have devoted special half columns to such proceedings, and given them the half cynical head: "Our Daily Lese-Majeste Bulletin." There is not a day passes but two or three are arrested and as many convicted, while the confiscation of revolutionary editorial matter, anarchist poems and free-thinking pamphlets are so numerous that it is impossible to report fully. The sentences are not at all light. A few days ago a wo-



HERR FISCHER. man in Hanover was sent to prison for six months because she said that William II. did not care whether his working people prospered or starved. A workman by the name of Frost was sentenced for two years because he

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1,670 tons. Protective deck—slope, 4 inches; flat, 2 1/2 inches. Armament—main battery, one 8-inch breech-loading rifle, two 6-inch rapid-fire guns, eight 4-inch rapid-fire guns; secondary battery, twelve 6-pound rapid-fire guns;

four 1-pound rapid-fire guns; four Gatling guns, five torpedo tubes. Built by Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia. Keel laid in 1890. Launched July 26, 1892. Went into commission April 23, 1894.